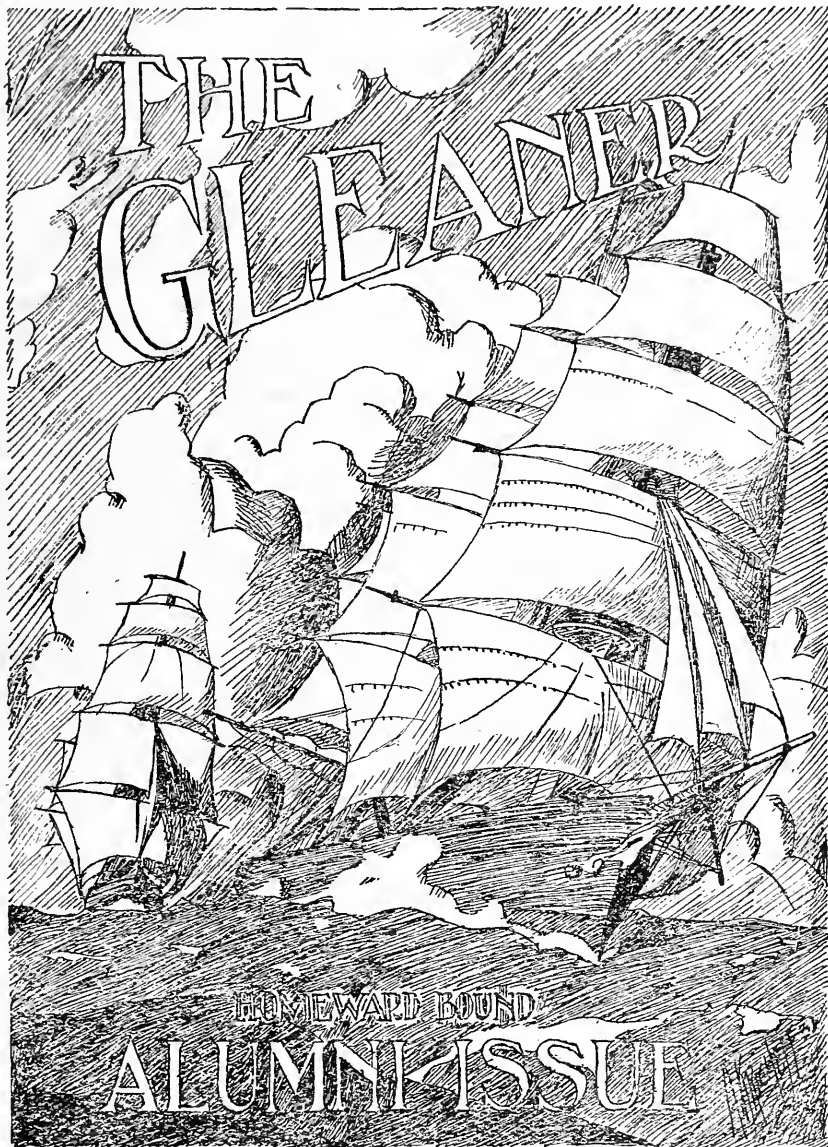


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The Gleaner

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Alumni Greetings From President Herbert D. Allman

JULY, 1929

THE Editorial Staff of the Farm School GLEANER, a most worthy publication, offers its President an opportunity of extending a hearty welcome and cordial greeting to its graduates, in their Alumni edition. The Trustees of your School desire to encourage these annual gatherings on its campus and athletic field, with the assurance that your comfort and entertainment will be hospitably supervised by our Dean, Faculty and students.

A school or college is as strong as its Alumni, therefore, we encourage and foster the growing interest you show in your Alma Mater.

For several years it has been a pleasure, in conjunction with Dean Goodling and "Sam", to visit and address your New York and Philadelphia Chapters, comprising a fine lot of successful men. While not all in agricultural pursuits, we are, nevertheless, proud of your records in other endeavors, especially because of the fact, that to a man, you volunteer the information that the Farm School gave you a training during your formative years, which made you what you are. This is heartening to the patrons and Trustees who make this institution possible.

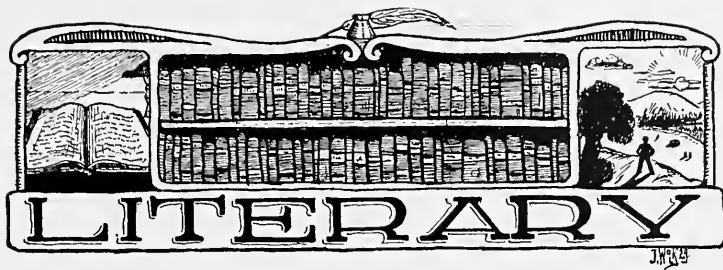
With the very many betterments now in evidence since your school days; with the improved curriculum and larger faculty, greater acreage, improved farm machinery and the building up of a high-grade herd, it is our hope and desire, that more of our coming graduates will remain in some branch of agriculture, the fundamentals of your School.

This is now your school, and you will, no doubt, be interested and gratified to learn that during the past five years our capital assets have increased three-fold. It is true we have a large deficit in our Maintenance Fund, which accumulates because we accept more boys than we should, owing to the growing pressure of so many worthy applicants. Our enrollment has been increased over 100 per cent. Last year we graduated 58 students, against our previous record of 32, all of whom have secured good jobs in the branch in which they majored.

This School, as originally conceived by Dr. Krauskopf, is a Jewish educational philanthropy, encouraging Jewish boys particularly. It was the purpose of this man of great vision to discourage racial intolerance, therefore a proportion of non-Jewish boys has always been most welcome.

Our 35-piece uniformed band, made possible through the generosity of some of our Board members, under the volunteer instruction given them by Philadelphia's outstanding Bandmaster, Lt. Frankel, will, I am sure, prove an entertaining innovation since your visit last year.

We appreciate your support, asking for its continuance, and sincerely hope you and your families may spend an enjoyable and happy holiday with us



The Fowl Play or The Mystery of The Missing Pullets

BY PURLOCK SHOLMES

I WAS hired by the National Farm School to solve the greatest mystery of all times in the history of this school.

On the night of March 28, 1929, three innocent pullets, at the tender age of two months, were savagely abducted. There were no clues, no footprints, no bloodshed or any act of violence evident around the house.

But Purlock always gets his man. After many sleepless nights, aimless wandering and much thinking, I have finally come to the conclusion that the poor pullets were really kidnapped and so with this thought in mind, I set out to find the culprit.

Once more I inspected the place. Because of the dense grass, no clues could be gotten from footprints, but, aha! I got it; reaching into my secret pocket, I hurriedly extracted my magnifying glass and after changing mustachios, I began to examine the door knobs of all houses. On the knob of the house where the pullets were missing, I found some fingerprints. There were the prints—four very large fingers and one thumb. This, at least, proved to me that my victim was a human being. I must go

about my work very carefully as this species of animal is exceedingly wise. I made a copy of the fingerprints and placed them in my blue book No. 2; and then the search was on.

One day I entered the dining hall in the disguise of Frisky, the school mutt. Many morsels of food were thrown to me which I hurriedly gobbled up, in order to act my part. Every time I received a bit of bread, I would grab it with my teeth and run out of the building. There I looked for fingerprints. Six days passed without any luck and on the seventh day I rested, it being Sunday. But every dog has its day, and on Monday I had mine. Somebody threw me a slice of bread. I barked my thanks and scooted out of the building. I was rewarded. There on that slice of bread were the fingerprints corresponding to the ones I had copied at the poultry department. They were clearly imprinted with fingers wet with gravy. It was hard to make the comparison, but Purlock never fails. I went back and marked my man. The same evening I went to his room and accused him and after many hours of the third degree, of which I am a master, he pleaded guilty of having

abducted those poor little innocent, motherless pullets.

And this was the sympathetic story he told to me after he had admitted his guilt:

"One beautiful sunny day, Scotch and myself were taking a walk through the fields, just admiring the wonderful scenery that spring had blessed us with. Our stroll happened to take us past the poultry department, and just as we were sauntering by one of the houses, a great flutter took place, and glancing around, we saw three little pullets giving us the eye. We were shocked and walked right on paying no attention to those flirts. As we got about fifteen feet from the house, they set up a loud cackle which made us retrace our steps to learn what the trouble was. After watching them for a few minutes, we finally got the idea that they wanted to get out into the sunshine and the fresh air. Believing that we were benefitting the poultry department—for all growing chickens require sunlight, we let these three pullets out into the field and kept on our stroll.

As all the new spring views were fascinating to us, we kept walking farther and farther. Finally the first bird of the season, a beautiful specimen, flew in our direction and alighted upon a rock.

Scotch claimed it for his own and reached into his pocket for his salt shaker (taking things out of the dining room, ha!) He had always been told that salt placed upon a bird's tail would prevent it from flying. Foolish youth! I hadn't the heart to tell him otherwise.

But here is what happened. He reached into the wrong pocket and pulled out a pepper shaker. (I don't know what it was doing there.) After sprinkling as much pepper as possible on the bird and the rock, it flew away. Poor Scotch was heart-broken. But we continued our little walk. When we got about 100 feet away from the rock we heard three loud crashes. Very quickly we turned about and to our surprise, saw the three little pullets lying beside the rock,—dead. This is what happened. They had followed us all the way, without us knowing it. When they had arrived at the rock, which the bird had alighted on, they started to smell at the pepper. At the first whiff, they had a violent attack of sneezing. They sneezed their heads against the rock and there they lay, *stone* dead.

Compassion overcame us at the sight of this scene. We couldn't leave these poor bodies for the ravages of all the insects, parasites and meat-loving animals, so we decided to carry them with us for a proper burial. We picked them up. Their soft, warm and tender bodies aroused our cannibalistic instincts to the extent that we couldn't resist the thoughts of a magnificent roasted chicken.

As it was growing darker and darker, we hurried away into the woods, where we built a good fire, cleaned the chickens and roasted them on a stick. They were delicious!"

And now I am out for more mysteries to solve.

A.



Mystery of The Air

POP" JENNINGS, dean of the group of crack pilots of the Baltimore-Memphis route, exchanged jokes with a few of his fellow pilots as he climbed into his plane preparatory to taking off on his long hop to Memphis. "Pop" felt unusually gay tonight as he had just been granted a two weeks' furlough. As he settled back in his cockpit, he waved his hand cheerfully at his comrades and called "contact" to the man at the prop. The man spun the prop and as "Pop" gave her the gun the plane moved swiftly across the field. A moment later she took the air with the grace and agility of a bird and was soon lost in the darkness. After a few more wise cracks, the group at the hangars dispersed to their several quarters.

Came the dawn and about 5:30 A. M. the jangling of the telephone rudely awoke Superintendent Ed. Pickens, of the Baltimore-Memphis route, out of a sound sleep. He arose, yawned and stretched; then reached for the phone. "Hello," he called drowsily into the transmitter.

"Hello, yourself!" shouted an excited voice at the other end. "Did that bullion leave Baltimore last night?"

"Sure, it did," Ed replied, now more than half awake.

"Well, it hasn't arrived yet," said the voice.

"Give him time," counselled Pickens. "We've got our best man in that 'plane. Maybe he had some trouble. Call me back in an hour and let me know."

Dressing himself quickly, he got to his office. With a route map before him he began to call up every town of any size on the route. He sent a hurry call to his office force and ordered, at the same time, his pilots to the field. Likewise, he

reported the matter to Washington and then sat down to wait.

In a short while he received a return call from a small town about 200 miles away. A plane was reported about a mile from town. Pickens didn't wait. He ran outside and ordered his pet ship. Half an hour later he was speeding southward at 100 miles an hour. By ten o'clock he was at the wreck. Although the plane was burned to a crisp, he knew it was Jennings'. The latter was nowhere about and neither was the bullion. He examined the ground about the wreck and found the tire and tail skid marks of another plane not far away. A terrible suspicion began to form in his mind, but he resolutely shook it off. He returned to town and after a bit of lunch, hurriedly downed, took off for Baltimore and reported to the Washington office.

That evening Pickens was closeted with the Postmaster General and the head of the U. S. Secret Service. Outside, the motor of Pete Dudley's plane was being warmed up for his regular run. The men in the office were silent until the roar of the motor had died away in the distance. Then they fell to discussing the matter. Pickens' story being told, they set to work to dope out a likely theory. The most plausible one, was that Jennings had landed the plane and then transferred the bullion to some plane which a confederate had waiting. After this he had set fire to the ship and departed in his accomplice's. Having settled this the two officials set out for Washington to put the proper machinery in motion. All this while, Pete Dudley sped onward through the night toward Memphis.

About 12 o'clock, as Pickens was preparing for bed, the phone came to sudden

life. A man's voice at the other end informed him that Dudley's plane was down in flames about 25 miles from where Jennings' plane had been found. He gave orders that nothing should be touched until he got there. Again his plane was wheeled out and by 3 o'clock he was at the wreck. He went over everything carefully by means of a flashlight and found things in a condition similar to Jennings' case. Neither Dudley nor the two pouches of registered mail which he carried were present. And again, scarcely fifteen feet from the wreck, he found the marks of another plane.

Without waiting to investigate further he started back for Baltimore. His former theory, was of necessity, discarded. His only conclusion was that a very clever gang of bandits was working on the route; and must have had some inside dope. Landing at Baltimore he at once communicated his report to Washington.

II

The next morning while Pickens was on the field, an armed plane landed and a well-set young fellow jumped out and strolled over leisurely to Pickens. He introduced himself as Richard Marcy, of the U. S. Secret Service. Pickens led him into his office and learned that Marcy was aware of Jennings' disappearance. "Mr. Pickens, Pop and I are the closest of friends. It was from him that I learned all I now know of aviation. I'll round up those crooks if it's the last thing I do! I believe this is an inside job. Tonight I intend flying the night run and want a regular mail plane. Furthermore, I want no one but myself to go near this plane."

Pickens, greatly impressed by Marcy's enthusiasm and strength of purpose, nodded his assent.

Marcy took in hand the plane Pickens assigned to him and gave it a minute examination. He then rolled it into a hangar and carefully locked it up. It being lunch time, he went off to snatch a bite. While at lunch, he phoned Washington to send down two (2) two-seater planes, armed. On his way back to Pickens' office, however, he noticed his hangar—unlocked! Walking casually around, he perceived a mechanic busy about his motor. Instant suspicion entered his mind and his hand went to the little automatic in his outside coat pocket. He stepped into the hangar.

"What are you doing there?" he asked, not very gently.

"Mr. Pickens sent me over to look at your motor," came back the glib reply.

"You're a liar and under arrest. Put your hands up!" commanded Marcy, drawing his automatic. "Now march over to Pickens' office and we'll see whether you're right or not."

Pickens was astounded when the two entered his office but he took in the situation at a glance and asked, "What's the matter, Marcy?"

"I caught him fooling around my motor. He claims you ordered him to."

Pickens' face hardened at this and he said, "He's a clever liar, all right. Never saw him before. Do as you wish with him."

Turning to his prisoner, Marcy said, "If you come clean, you'll get off easy, if you don't, you and I will take a ride in that plane you doctored. We'll ride until something happens, and then—me for my parachute; but as for you, you'll be strapped in the cockpit!"

His prisoner looked at him and jeeringly said, "G'wan, you've got nothing on me."

"No? Well, we'll just take that little trip."

"Pickens, will you get me a parachute?" To his captive, "Come on now, step along to that plane and don't forget I've got you covered."

They walked over to the plane and Marcy securely tied the mechanic into the forward mail compartment. Donning the parachute, he stopped into the cockpit and called "Contact" to the man at the prop. As he gave her the gun, she gathered headway and moved swiftly across the field. The prisoner was white as a sheet and his lips began to move. As the plane left the ground, he broke down completely and turned pleadingly to Marcy. The latter smiled grimly and pancaked to the field. He untied his passenger and led him over to the office, "I thought you'd come across. Now tell us what you know!"

In the office the mechanic made a complete confession. "I put a certain chemical, whose formula is secret, into the motors. After two hours in the air, this causes all the moving parts to freeze

solid. Every time a money plane left the field I would signal our own plane which is hidden about two miles from here. Our plane has a muffled exhaust. About two hours flight from here we have a ground crew of six men with a speedy car. Our ship follows the mail plane, unseen and unheard as our plane flies without lights, contrary to mail planes. As soon as the mail plane staggers, our plane flashes its lights as a signal to the ground crew, and then follows the mail plane down. The ground crew takes care of the pilot and they transfer him and the loot to our own plane which flies to our hideout, in turn. The ground crew then sets fire to the mail plane and rides away."

The confession over, Marcy said to Pickens, "I have a plan that I think will work. We'll let this fellow fly the mail plane and signal to his confederates. When his confederates follow his plane we'll follow up the two of them. As soon as his friends show lights we'll force him

(Continued on page 29)



A Baseball Tragedy

(With apologies to K. C. B.)

The Rival College teams
 Were having their yearly fight, and
 Both teams were equally
 Good, and
 Both were confident of Victory and
 Before the game was played,
 There were many bets made and,
 Among these bets was one
 Which deserves special mention for,
 The captain of Swisstown,
 Dick Carter, was told
 By his girl that
 If he would win the game,
 She would marry him; and
 The game started, but
 Try as they might, both teams
 Could not score, and
 Both captains were playing
 With all the strength and
 Vigor they possessed. And
 The captain of the other team,
 Faraway College,
 Had also been promised
 By this same girl that,
 If he should win, she
 Would marry him.
 It looked like she wanted
 To make sure that,
 She'd get some one at least. And
 Anyway, the game continued and
 Each inning ended with
 No runs being scored. And
 The captains of the rival teams
 Glanced at their girl, who
 Had promised

To marry them and,
 To each she gave the
 Same smile and
 Each tried harder to win.
 At last came
 The ninth inning and
 Dick Carter's team was
 Up at bat! and
 Three outs came
 In rapid succession and,
 Poor Dick glanced
 At his girl, but she
 Had turned away her head, and
 Then came Nick Merriwell's
 Team and
 There were two outs and
 Three men on base and
 Dick was up; and
 Strike one! and
 Ball one! and
 Two strikes and,
 Ball three and, now,
 We suppose you want
 To know whether he
 Struck out or not, but,—
 No one knows
 Whether he would have or not;
 For just as he struck
 At the ball
 A bee stung him
 On the neck and
 He dropped the bat,
 Just as the ball whizzed past and
 The game was ended.

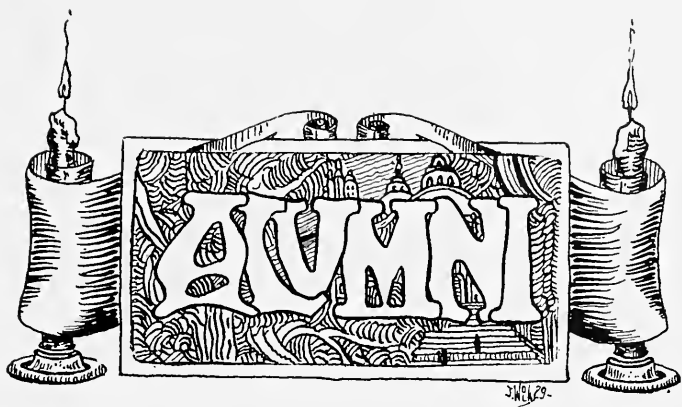
SPILLER, ROSENZWEIG AND C. C.

Girl's Father—"Well, I think I'll
 smoke a cigar and then go to bed."

Five-Minute Joe—"Here, have a cigar-
 ette."

Dean—"It's you Freshmen who make
 the school."

Freshmen—"What! Are we that
 bad?"



TO THE ALUMNI:

The Alumni Days of July 6th and 7th mark the third Annual meeting since my administration of the Farm School and I want, through the medium of the GLEANER, to express my appreciation of the cooperation and help given me by the Alumni Association.

It is very encouraging to know that the Alumni are giving the School their whole-hearted support and it has been largely through their generous help that we have been able to make vast improvements in the school, as well as among our graduates in the field.

Let me express to you my generous appreciation of your whole-hearted support and hope that the school can be of much benefit to you in reciprocation of what the Alumni have done for us. It is my earnest wish that we might have more alumni return on these annual home-coming days and participate in the general good time which those who have been attending these affairs, have had.

Wishing you all a happy time during the 1929 Alumni Home Coming week, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

C. L. GOODLING, *Dean.*

New York Chapter

The following is a record of our recent activities.

On the 3rd of March we had a meeting which was attended by the Messrs. Allman, Goodling, Samuels and Work. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss plans as to the best manner of holding the Graduates' interest in agricultural pursuits. Though no definite plans were made the meeting was a success because it served to bring about a better understanding between the representatives of the Board, Faculty and our Alumni Body.

In April we had another get-together. This time for amusement. We formed a party of 23 couples and attended a play which had been revived after 50 years of apparent death and had a grand time hissing the villain, cheering the heroine and bombarding the entire troupe with peanuts and frankfurters. After the show we went to a Night Club for supper and dancing. The evening was a success—even financially—we made \$12 profit.

This will indicate to the students that we are in constant touch with each other—we meet frequently, take an active interest in the school's affairs and continue to grow in membership.

Manny Silver is working at Freehold, N. J.

News comes from Shteinsleifer, that he will be married before the end of the year. Well, we wish him good luck.

Rickert, Strang and Rubenstein, came back to the school on "Big Day." Rubenstein joined Strang and Rosenberg out in Long Island, N. Y., and all seems to be going great.

Weber is managing four greenhouses in Long Island.

PERSONALS

David Platt of the '25 Class returned from a successful "seed peddling" expedition in time to attend our regular meeting on June 9th.

Warren Rinenberg of the '25 Class was married on June 1st in Philadelphia and then remarried again in New York on June 16th—the Philadelphia ceremony evidently didn't count.

J. Haikon is engaged to be married and "Hank" Hanchrow announces his forthcoming marriage in the fall of this year.

William Shorr came down from Connecticut Agricultural College to attend our last meeting. He is in his senior term there.

A committee has been formed to subdue "by gentle means or otherwise" the over exuberance of Messrs. Semel and Platt, roughnecks extraordinary on Alumni Day and permit the other alumni some rest and sleep.

One of the features of our trip to the school will be the dedication of the Alumni Grand Stand to the memory of I. Stern's father. A bronze plaque will be hung.

HARRY RABEN,
New York Chapter.

Applebaum and Fertik are working at Trexler's, Allentown, Penna.

Brooks has returned to his beloved Boston and his "Bessie."

Meyers has given up his job in Norristown, Penna., and Carl Jung has taken his place.

Sam Price, '27, dropped in on "Big Day." He is now in the Landscaping game where he is going good.



Leaves of Yesterday

1902

H. Rick, '01, has gone to Texas for the purpose of starting operations upon a new line of tobacco experiments.

S. Kolinsky, '01, is now manager on a farm at West Chester, Penna.

The Class of 1902 consists of six members: A. Newman, J. Goldman, W. J. Serlin, C. S. Heller, L. A. Burd, M. Mitzman.

1908

THE EDITOR'S REWARD

What do you get for all this work?

I was asked the other day.

"Oh, nothing at all but the thanks," I said,

"Our glory is our pay."

And straightway round the corner, came

Some classmates on the run,

And advancing towards my helpless self,

Said, "Gee, this issue's bum."

1918

Nineteen "Grads" of Farm School have joined the army and many of them are seeing action on the other side.

Prof. William Herbert Bishop dies after 13 years of continuous useful and intelligent service to the National Farm School.

1926

EXTRA! (From the Daily Rake Off)

Sunday School Section. The Ten Commandments, as given by the Prophets of Farm School:

I. Thou shalt not drink.—*Father Samuels.*

II. Thou shalt not gamble.—*Sky Pilot Campbell.*

III. Thou shalt not swear.—*Friar Groman.*

IV. Deal not harshly with thy neighbors.—*Brother McKown.*

V. Six days shalt thou labor, but on the seventh thou shalt labor also.
—*Profit Purmell.*

VI. Honor thy Dean so that thy days may be long at Farm School.
—*Rer. Ostrolenk.*

VII. Praise not thy son for what he doesn't.—*Pastor Kraft.*

VIII. Skip not thy details or thy week-ends will be missing.
—*Deacon Stangel, H.B.B.*

One of the outstanding facts of the National Farm School conference held at the Biltmore Hotel, New York, was the support shown by the "grads" of the school.

From the "Daily Rake Off" (published every time there is some loose change around.)

THE WEATHER

Whether it's cold or whether it's hot, we must have weather, whether or not.

1912

J. Taubenhau, '04, is assistant Plant Pathologist at Delaware Agricultural College and Experiment Station. (Mr. Taubenhau is now at the Texas Experiment Station.)

S. Rudley, '08, is manager of a dairy farm at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

B. Osterlink, '07, is instructor of agriculture in Murray County High School.

1913

Karl H. Kohn, '13, is managing a cotton plantation near Little Rock, Arkansas.

A. Witkin, '13, is in the employ of a large horticulture concern near Baltimore, Md.

(Continued on page 29)



E. WOLK '29

THEO. KRAUSE

Resume of Baseball Season

FARM SCHOOL started its baseball season with a green team, composed of only two regulars, and a hard schedule. No pre-season boasts were made as to what we were going to do and how numerous the victories we were in for. What might have been talk was put into action; the fellows plugged along and practiced seriously, and when the games came, gave everything they had.

They never lost heart. When the breaks went against them they just fought harder, and the results of the season show it. That comeback in the eleventh inning of the Temple game was one of the finest exhibitions of pluckiness witnessed in many a year on the Farm School diamond.

Coach Samuels deserves a world of credit for instilling such fine spirit in the team.

Only ten men succeeded in securing the coveted "F". They are: Broadbent, Campbell, Wattman, Liskowitz, Caplan, Nicholson, Grisdale, Compton, Kleinman and Rudolph.

Although a regular till injured in the Temple game, Werrin failed to get a letter, not having played in sufficient games to earn one.

SONG OF THE STAFF

School papers are great inventions,

The Schools get all the fame;

The Printer—he gets all the cash,

The Staff gets all the blame.

"Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out," commanded the so-called "stick-up".

The intended victim calmly laughed in a manner that showed he didn't care for either. He was a Farm School Student.

M. W.—"You used to say there was something about me you liked."

E. L.—"Yes, but you spent it all now."

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man
a—Farmer.

FARMERS GIVE WAY TO WILLIAMSON IN THRILLING GAME

In the most tense and interesting game of the season thus far, Farm School gave way to Williamson Trade, our beloved rivals, losing to the sad tune of 4-1. It was a great game, the only fault being that we lost it.

Campbell pitched fine ball and with better support from the infield *would* have had another victory chalked up to his credit. Kaplan made several costly overthrows that allowed two runs to score. Poor coaching on third lost us several runs and a rally that might have won the game. Kleinman was conspicuous for his hitting and led the batting punch.

WILLIAMSON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wilson.....	5	1	1	1	6	0
Kuhnsman.....	5	0	1	2	0	0
Brown.....	4	0	3	2	2	0
Heebner.....	5	0	0	0	3	0
Slagle.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Palmer.....	4	1	2	1	5	0
Warrell.....	4	0	0	13	0	0
Farwell.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Traynor.....	2	1	0	7	0	0
Totals.....	35	4	8	27	16	0

N. F. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman.....	4	1	2	2	0	0
Compton.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Broadbent.....	3	0	1	7	2	0
Campbell.....	1	0	0	1	2	0
Wattman.....	4	0	0	11	1	0
Werrin.....	2	0	0	2	0	1
Nicholson.....	3	0	1	2	1	0
Liskowitz.....	2	0	0	3	4	1
Caplan.....	2	0	0	1	1	2
Grisdale.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	24	1	4	29	12	4

N. F. S. vs. BROWN PREP N. F. S. TAKES ONE FROM BROWN PREP

In a rather dull and listless game the Aggies defeated Brown Prep, 15-7. The Prepsters drew first blood, scoring two runs in the 3rd inning. But the Farmers came back in the fourth, to collect seven runs, eight more being secured in the 6th, 7th, and 8th innings.

Campbell was not up to his usual form, allowing nine hits, a two-bagger and three triples. The team displayed plenty of hitting power though; everyone getting a hit. Broadbent's batting average for the game was .750.

Forman, Brown Prep's shortstop, secured three hits, two being triples and one, a single.

Line-up:

BROWN PREP.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kovel.....	4	2	2	0	0	0
Forman.....	5	2	3	1	4	1
A. Boardman.....	3	2	1	1	1	0
Trouto.....	4	1	1	6	0	1
Stork.....	5	0	2	3	0	0
Snyder.....	4	0	0	3	3	1
Manger.....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Marmon.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
B. Boardman.....	3	0	0	0	2	1
Totals.....	36	7	9	18	12	5

N. F. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman.....	5	0	1	0	0	0
Compton.....	5	2	2	0	0	0
Broadbent.....	4	2	3	8	0	0
Campbell.....	5	2	2	2	3	1
Wattman.....	5	2	2	12	0	0
Werrin.....	3	1	2	0	0	0
Nicholson.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
Liskowitz.....	2	2	1	1	1	1
Caplan.....	4	2	0	3	4	2
Totals.....	37	15	14	27	8	4

WHAT A GAME!

Whew! Talk about your close games! A tight fight! 11th inning, Temple at Bat. And three runs scored. Down, down, went the Farmers' hopes. But, you're never down until you're out—a famous Farm School Slogan. And to prove it, our boys came in for their half, gritted their teeth and scored four runs, and thereby saved a few hundred people from heart failure.

Wattman started it by getting on base and by hook or by crook, everyone after that managed to get on. Then up to the plate stepped Kleinman with that mighty club of his and lo and behold socked a beautiful triple which brought in the tying run. Compton then slapped another three bagger which ended the game in our favor.

TEMPLE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stern.....	5	1	2	3	5	0
S. Kaufman.....	5	1	2	7	5	0
Fenelli.....	5	0	1	8	1	3
Bleiber.....	5	2	1	6	1	2
Gilbert.....	5	3	2	1	1	2
Lewis.....	6	1	1	1	0	0
T. Kaufman.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Stehely.....	4	0	1	4	1	0
Croishin.....	5	0	1	1	3	0

Totals.....	44	9	12	32	17	7
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N. F. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman.....	5	2	3	2	1	0
Compton.....	5	0	2	0	0	0
Broadbent.....	5	0	0	9	0	1
Campbell.....	6	1	2	1	0	0
Wattman.....	2	1	0	12	1	0
Werrin.....	1	1	0	0	0	1
Grisdale.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Nicholson.....	4	1	1	2	3	2
Caplan.....	4	1	2	1	1	1
Liskowitz.....	3	2	0	5	3	0

39	10	11	33	9	5
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N. F. S. vs. N. J. I. D.

Continuing their winning streak, the boys from N. F. S. ended their season with a batting orgy, snowing the Mutes under with 14 hits, counting for 21 runs. The final score was Aggies, 21; N.J.I.D., 2.

Kleinman, who has been hitting the ball all over lately, socked a homer which reached the far-famed Lasker Hall. Wattman also clouted a homer which is his second of the season.

The fielding was almost perfect, only one error being made during the entire game. Campbell held the opposition to six hits and fanned 13 men, which brings his strikeout total to 47 for five games. The Jerseyites were able to secure only two runs and these in the latter part of the game.

Line-up:

N. J. I. D.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Seibel.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Godley.....	3	0	1	1	4	0
Osmola.....	4	0	1	0	3	1
Nicholas.....	3	0	1	10	1	1
Gerani.....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Varody.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Tankatis.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Snyder.....	3	0	1	8	2	2
Pizzulo.....	3	1	0	1	0	2

Totals.....	30	2	6	24	12	7
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N. F. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman.....	5	4	3	1	0	0
Compton.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Broadbent.....	2	4	1	4	0	0
Campbell.....	3	3	2	2	0	0
Wattman.....	5	3	3	14	2	0
Edelman.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Grisdale.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Nicholson.....	4	1	2	2	2	1
Liskowitz.....	5	2	1	3	4	0
Caplan.....	4	2	2	1	0	0

35	21	14	27	8	1
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FRESHMEN-FACULTY GAME

Avenging their defeats at the hands of the two previous classes the faculty came back with a crash and beat the freshies, 15-4.

The game was chock full of thrills. A four bagger by Dutch Groman and several triples and doubles supplied plenty of excitement. Mr. Cook made some classy stops at shortstop, preventing runners from scoring, besides getting hits.

Samuels, Weigel, Stangel and several others played a corking good game and were big factors in their team's victory.

The Freshmen were a bit rattled and seemed to lack confidence. With a little more practice they will undoubtedly overcome this fault.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Gettysburg Military Academy—October 5th.

Central Evening High—Pending—October 12th.

Haverford College Fresh.—October 19th.

Temple High School—October 26th.

Drexel College Fresh.—November 2nd.

Susquehanna University, J. V.—November 9th.

Open—November 16th.

Brown Prep.—November 23rd.

Williamsen Trade School—November 28th.

All games will be played at Farm School.

F. M. Joe—"What kind of tobacco are you smoking, Charley?"

Rudolph—"I didn't ask him."

Charlie (?) (after escorting "F" home)—"May, I have a kiss?"

No answer.

"May I have a kiss?"

"What's the matter, are you deaf?"

"No, but I think you're dumb."

FRESHMAN-JUNIOR TRACK MEET

The first Frosh-Junior track meet ever held at Farm School took place on Sunday, June 9, 1929. The meet was a complete success. There were plenty of close events which kept the onlookers in a constant state of excitement.

Although the Frosh were the favorites before the meet, the Juniors came across with plenty of fight and speed to overcome the Freshmen onslaught. Through the sterling efforts of Phil Kleinman, the Juniors held the lead from the very beginning and never relinquished it throughout the meet. The results were: Juniors, 55; Freshmen, 35.

Results of the events:

100-Yd. Dash—P. Kleinman, 1st; 2nd, Lazarow; 3rd, Lichtenstein; 4th, Rohrbaugh.

220-Yd. Dash—1st, P. Kleinman; 2nd, Shindelman; 3rd, Lazarow; 4th, Hoar.

440-Yd. Dash—1st, Rohrbaugh; 2nd, Rosefeldt; 3rd, Grisdale; 4th, Cranch.

1-Mile Run—1st, Zeider; 2nd, Raven; 3rd, Rosefeldt; 4th, Bing.

Shot Put—1st, P. Kleinman; 2nd, Hoar; 3rd, Goldstein; 4th, Tomar.

Running Brood Jump—1st, P. Kleinman; 2nd, Spivak; 3rd, Lichtenstein; 4th, Corr.

Standing Broad Jump—1st, Barnack; 2nd, Phil. Kleinman; 3rd, Shindelman; 4th, Grisdale.

High Jump—1st, Goodman; 2nd, Tie between Spivak, Barnack, Shindelman and Moccia. One point was given to each team.

880-Yd. Relay—Won by Juniors—P. Kleinman, Rohrbaugh, Goodman and Shindelman. Freshman team consisted of Lazarow, Silverberg, Lichtenstein and Raven.

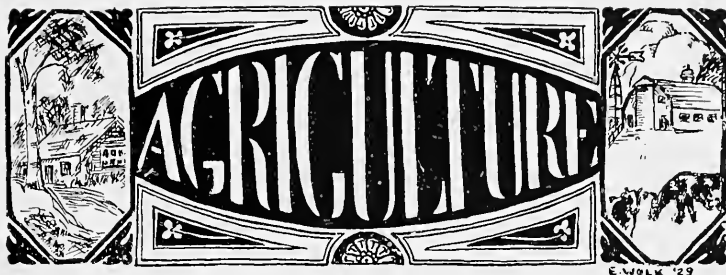
"I hear you're giving up tobacco, Mr. Craft."

"Well, Seipp, I'm tapering off, like. I don't swallow the juice no more."

"Why do you call the baby, 'Bill'?"

"He was born on the first of the month"

—*Buffalo Express.*



J. E. SEIPP, '30

Plowing

ONE of the primary operations on the farm preparatory to the seeding of any crop is plowing, and since it is the first operation we will study this phase at the beginning.

What is good plowing? That is a question that has created discussion wherever farmers or agriculture men gather.

The first consideration in good plowing is the amount of granulation it is possible to achieve; the more granulation the better it is, particularly when it is to be seeded immediately after plowing. In the case of fall plowing where the soil has a tendency to puddle, too much granulation is a handicap.

Another very important factor in good plowing is complete covering of trash, whether it be strong manure, corn stover, wheat stubble, weeds or sod from previous hay crop. This should be so completely buried that there will be no appearance of it on the surface. Much is to be gained when the trash is evenly mixed with the soil, but in the case of reducing virgin sod or other equally tough sod it is permissible to lay it down as a mat at the bottom of furrow slice. Now that we know what to do with the trash covering the soil the question arises as to the method of procedure.

This spring, here on the school fields,

we had a considerable mat of corn stover and smart-weeds covering our present oat land, which were turned under by adjusting our rolling coulter with the horizontal axis over the point of the share, then the vertical axis was set so that the coulter would cut $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch- $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch to the land side of the shin. To the base of the coulter standard was affixed a 15-foot length of No. 9 smooth wire, passing to the mouldboard side of the plow. The purpose of the wire was to hold the trash to the surface of the furrow slice until the slice was inverted. The wire likewise furnished a breaking over point for the furrow slice, aiding the mouldboard in the inversion of the slice. A wire is used for each bottom, the loose ends are held back until the plows enter the ground, then the weight of the plowed furrow holds the wires tight and snug against the trash. We found that the wires gave us better results when used without jointers than with jointers; it also plowed better than the older method of dragging a chain in front of the plows.

When using the above method it is well to regulate the depth of the plow equal to half of the plow's width of bottom or a little deeper, since a plow will do its best work when cutting as deep as half its width at normal speed; which is between

3-3½ miles per hour with tractor plows.

In the case of the cover crop, sod or a thick mat of weeds, the wire is a help, only now the jointer must be used and set to go as deep as possible; the rolling coulter is set as for the other trash with one exception; that is in the depth. With sod the coulter should cut from three-quarters to the entire depth of furrow, whereas in the previous case the depth was controlled by the ability to mount the trash and not to catch and drag it.

A very important factor in plowing under a rank growth of cover crop is not to run all over the standing crop, as it is almost impossible to plow it under clean when matted down in any direction except in the line of travel; therefore, it would be a good idea to roll the headlands the way they are to be plowed before turning upon them, thus making it possible to plow it clean.

When plowing a hard dry soil the hitch (the point of connection between the tractor and the plow) must be moved to the land when plowing deep to insure the first plow cutting a full furrow; in shallow plowing in hard soil the opposite takes place. The opposite takes place when in wet soil; there the tendency of the first plow is to throw too big a furrow. One of the chief aims of a good plowman is to prevent a hard pan from forming due to plowing at the same depth year after year. This pan will become so hard that extra weight and good shares will be necessary to force the plows into it. Here at the school we have seen the cleat marks of the tractor which ploughed a particular field last year or in previous years. I am referring to our wet heavy fields at Nos. 6 and 7.

A good plowman will be very careful to plow at the right time; when soil may be pressed together and then upon being

rubbed between fingers will easily crumble; using plow adapted to soil, adjusted to run at even depth and parallel with ground, in a normal position and at a good plowing speed, keeping his furrows straight. Thus his work will be of even depth and width of furrow, with a smooth surface due to even and equal curvature of the furrows; with clean shallow dead and low even back furrows, his headlands, and the end of the furrows will be clean and straight.

When we speak of plows the average person immediately thinks of the mould-board plow, the plow that has been used extensively for many years; but today when we have the modern tractor doubling up on the number of plows and making a 2-3 or 4 plow unit the end has not been reached; rather it was the start of several innovations, such as the disc plow. This was brought about by a desire of the farmer to utilize all of his power that at the present time is going to waste.

For example, the mouldboard plow utilizes draft in the following way: Moving plow 18 per cent; turning furrow slice 34 per cent; cutting furrow slice 48 per cent. These figures coupled with the following tractor losses caused the engineer and farmer to consider something new.

100 % BRAKE H. POWER

Transmission loss	10-15
Rolling resistance	20-65
Lug loss	5-10
Grade	0-50
Delivered to drawbar	65-25

The above figures have been compiled by J. Brownlee Davidson and Edgar V. Collins of Iowa State College in a paper submitted at a meeting of the Power and Machinery Division of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers.

The disc plow consists of a number of

large discs independently mounted and adjustable, the entire outfit fitted with wheels. All of the discs are mounted the same way.

Another construction similar to the disc plow is the Wheatland plow: the difference is in the use of smaller discs mounted on a common axis adjustable only at the ends. This type is being used in the Jersey truck region.

Today, due to the reserve power of our tractor motors and the relatively low amount of useful drawbar pull, one plow manufacturer has utilized part of the tractor's power through the power take-off shaft by decreasing the power required to move the mouldboard plow ahead through eliminating the curved mouldboard. In place of the conventional mouldboard is a vertical shaft with

blades radiating horizontally from the shaft. These blades are rapidly rotated with power from the power take-off shaft, thoroughly cutting into and pulverizing the furrow slice as it is lifted by the modified mouldboard.

Once over, the soil is ready for the seed, thus saving many costly operations that we now perform. Due to its pulverizing action this plow has been called the pulverator.

There have been various experiments with plow substitutes such as slicing machines and scratchers but they have proved to be failures. The principal idea behind these experiments is to find a more efficient implement, one requiring less draft than the conventional plows now in use.

Today the pulverator; tomorrow what?

Waiter—"Would you like to drink, 'Canada Dry', Sir."

Gentleman—"I'd love to, but I'm only here for a week."

Ken—"You sure have a trim little waist."

Ida—"You're right. There's no getting around that."

Soil Fertility Studies on Lansdale Silt Loam Soil

THROUGH the efforts of Dean C. L. Goodling, soil experiments were started last year at the National Farm School with the cooperation of the Pennsylvania State College Agricultural Experiment station. Prof. J. W. White of State College is working in conjunction with the National Farm School, the object of which is to determine the fertilizer requirements of Lansdale Silt Loam Soil, (1) In a rotation system of corn, wheat and mixed hay, (2) In a system of permanent pasture (a) Kentucky blue grass, (b) mixed grasses and legumes.

The field plot experiments include 111 1-20 acre-plots (21x103.7 ft.). Three tiers of 25 plots each are included in the grain rotation designated as Allman field tiers I, II, and III. The pasture experiments include 36 plots arranged in two tiers of 18 plots each designated as Hirsch Field Tiers I and II. Last year the Allman Field Tier I was fertilized with varying amounts and combinations of N-P-K and seeded to corn, followed by winter wheat and grass in the fall. The corn results are well expressed in the tabulated form:

ALLMAN EXPERIMENTAL FIELD

Yields of corn per acre Tier 1. Planted May 25. Cut September 27-28.
Husked and weighed October 11-12, 1928.

PLOT	PLOT TREATMENT	LBS. FODDER PER ACRE	LBS. EARS PER ACRE— 14%	EQUIV. BUS. GRAIN PER ACRE
1.	Check	5420	4966	70.
2.	64P 50K-Control	6160	5356	70.5
3.	64P	4380	4022	57.5
4.	32P 25K	4740	4102	58.6
5.	64P 50K 48N	5460	4836	69.1
6.	64P 50K-Control	6260	5470	78.1
7.	32P 25K-24N	4680	4128	60.3
8.	6 Tons Manure	4700	4494	64.2
9.	6 Tons Manure P	6280	5308	75.8
10.	64P 50K-Control	5780	5438	77.7
11.	64P 50K 8N	6440	5682	81.2
12.	Check	5320	5046	72.1
13.	64P 50K 16N	6160	5568	79.6
14.	64P 50K-Control	5640	5242	74.9
15.	48P 50K 48N	6180	4982	71.2
16.	50K 48N	6880	5584	79.8
17.	72P 50K 48N	6980	4884	69.8
18.	64P 50K-Control	5920	5764	82.3
19.	96P 50K 48N	6020	5144	73.5
20.	64P 25K 48N	6300	5796	82.8
21.	64P 48N	5460	4998	71.4
22.	64P 50K-Control	4720	5014	71.6
23.	64P 75K 48N	5340	6236	89.1
24.	64P 50K-Control	5020	5340	76.3
25.	Check	4420	4118	58.8

Tier II of Alman Field has been similarly fertilized this spring and planted to corn as Tier I of last year. Next year a complete rotation of grass, wheat and corn will be started.

The results of the wheat thus far tend to bring out the following facts, although the results may vary after the wheat is harvested and weighed:

- (1) that the wheat seems to be lodged according to the amounts of application of nitrogen fertilizer (Sodium Nitrate).
- (2) that 6 tons of manure reinforced with 180 pounds of super phosphate shows a better color of foliage, larger heads and a greater yield per acre than a plot treated with 6 tons of manure only.
- (3) that potash fertilizer seems to be the limiting factor in this experiment, although all plots show the effect of the application of super phosphate.

Since the work is incomplete no definite statements can be made as to the final results until after harvesting time.

The Whiteface

*What a cold looking place for a wee white-
face,*

With nothing but my hide to shield me,

*No place I can crawl in to keep me from
bawlin',*

No place for my mammy beside me.

*I can stand here and freeze in snow up to
my knees,*

With the north wind blowin' below me.

*There's nothing to cheer me, no one to hear
me.*

No one but my mammy to know me.

I'm only a calf of a day and a half;

No coverin' but the snow cloud above me.

*None care a tinker for the blamed little
slicker,*

No one but my mammy to love me.

*I'm crooned to sleep while the coyotes weep,
The timber wolf whines behind me.*

*When I am lost in the slush or underbrush,
No one but my mammy to find me.*

*I'm a wee whiteface brought to this place,
Where mountain lions linger to snatch me;
The insects fight me and woodticks bite me,
No one but my mammy to scratch me.*

*Pride of the race is the white of my face,
Men scramble and gamble to land me,
With irons some day they'll come this way,
And, like my mammy, they'll brand me,*

*They'll drive me away and feed me on hay,
Cow punchers will euss me and hiss me.*

*Fill me with water and lead me to slaughter,
No one but my mammy to miss me.*

H. C. TAVIS, '32.

Agriculture

THE Meeting will now come to order, Ahem!

"Order please," yelled Joe Schvantz, "We want it should be quiet. Thank you. Let's hear from this guy 'Moishe' on the department where 'fowl' deeds are done. Yeh! Moishe! Moishe!"

"Well, guys it's this way: Due to the large amount of lumber in Gohahoka, we decided to help the starving Armenians by buying some lumber in order to build range houses. Of course, we started to work with a great deal of enthusiasm and after completing three, we were sure we knew how to build them and stopped. Having men like Mudolph Carcus in our department, we thought that we could carry these out to the field at Farm No. 3, but to our surprise, Mudolph strained himself while lifting a dozen eggs. Poor Dear! We also have done a few other minor things such as keeping

egg production up to normal and disinfecting. What! No questions? Is it a fact?

"Now, my little playmates," said Joe Schvantz, "we will hear from the esteemed plant louse, I mean greenhouse man, Mr. Abdulah Beero."

Mr. Beero slowly rising and tugging at his left ear lobe, due to the fact that he is so closely related to the chicken family.

"Due to the fact that such gallant women came before you, on this platform to strut their stuff, we, the greenhouse hoboos, have adorned the campus with beautiful flower beds. Just think of it and not costing you a red cent. For the convenience of the fellows who like to send flowers home, we purchased new varieties of 'mums' so that flowers will be available all winter. Cast an eye (not too far) at the road side and gaze upon

magnificent specimens of scarlet sage. Ain't it *nize*? Look who did it. No, No! not me, the little man behind me, Tango Benny, by name (not his fault) was the culprit. 'Take not my life for I want to go back to Russia to mine wife.' One more thing, my suffering comrades; we, the greenhouse squad, have completed the prodigious task of changing beds in the lower house. Give the Kid a hand!"

"Now wasn't that a splendid report," chirped Jo Schvantz, "it surely does encourage me to go on. Oh yes, let's hear about the lawnmower pushers; the imbeciles that follow the horse around all day."

Of course the Dizzy Blond took the floor, because of his fluent speaking to such multitudes of critics. "Boish, it duz me gret plezure to kest mine ice on youse all. There is many tings to spoke about but here's mine story if you like it or not. Due to de fect that soft wood cuttings is now—yeh! we are making them. Also we have made fifteen cold fremes in vich we planted evergreen sids. Not bed, eh? The campus is mowed weakly.

Now ain't that nice? Our boss, the noted Herman Feisser, is surely giffing us the lowdown on everytink imeginable. Tenks."

Well, well, how could a person speak so correctly.

Doesn't your palate tickle, when you hear Horticulture mentioned. I always like to see you fellows enjoy yourselves. I'll therefore let Ooky talk on Strawberries and other stomach-disturbing products of "Hoeculture." Ooky, rising, barked out these words; "Strawberries, hot onions, 'asparagrass,' peas, etc., are very promising crops. We sprayed peaches and apples six times and expect heavy crops. Pull legs with me boys, and you

shall eat plenty of apples, when they get ripe providing you don't get caught."

Now, wasn't that short and snappy. We are therefore enabled to hear more of the other departmental rot. As I can faintly hear a tractor gurgling gas out, at No. 6, we will hear from the "Loose Nut". All together boys,

"Nuts, screws, bolts, gears,

We're the flunky engineers."

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I will endeavor to bring forth to your frank and open minds, a great tale that will be confined to a few words: After plowing the enormous sum of 180 acres we found to our profound surprise that we had very few casualties. We have repaired all farm implements and also sharpened the mower knives for hay cutting. As a side job, we are taking care of No. 6 corn field. To our great accomplishments, I may add one thing. The fence lines of all the farms have been fixed and no doubt, will enclose all livestock grazing."

The multitudes then roared and yelled for more, but the Schvantz quieted them, allowing Malaria to give a few slants on the dairy business.

Playing softly on the piano, Malaria spoke to the tune of "Why are you Mean to Me," composed by members of the student council.

"Disease has sprung up at our barns. Therefore, disinfecting is done every two weeks. We intend to build a new barn for calving cows. Due to insufficient room the calving cows are kept at No. 6. Milk production is high and as a result, ice cream is quite often put on the tables in the dining room." This was followed by an encore, because the boys enjoyed the music muchly.

Busy bees must have their say. "Why not have us get in a few words?" "All right, said Joe, "let's hear it."

(Continued on page 30)



Glass and Clubs

Formal Report of the Convention of—

SOCIETIES OF THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

The Board of Executives headed by Buck Werrin, with Tomahawk Sam Marcus as right-hand man, report that affairs ran especially smoothly during the last period, orders being carried out almost to perfection.

The Ways and Means Committee formerly known as the Council, have seen to it that a dance was put on for the benefit of the Society; which turned out to be a great success. It was called the Senior May Hop. Another affair like this may be expected soon.

At the early morning session, The Horticultural Committee, headed by Chairman Broadbent, showed movies of "Rubber Plantation Developing", "Date Raising," and "Preserving Citrus Fruits Against Frost". One noted authority obtained by Mr. Purmell, spoke on the "Need of Coöperative Organization". To the joy of all, a trip to a famous group of private gardens, to be taken June 22, was announced.

The afternoon session was given over to the Poultry Committees. The Society owes thanks to Poultrymen Kaplan and Arnovitz and Chief Plain for bringing before it Mr. Dossin, Poultry Extension

expert from Penn. State. This gentleman discussed many interesting practices, in poultry raising, namely: Treatment with Nicotine Sulphate for lice; keeping away coccidia germ carriers; effect of different kinds of bedding in the spread of coccidiosis, and the efficiency of the confinement treatment against worms.

Many trips are planned and more meetings, at which prominent speakers will be present.

The next morning found the members gathered around the nets back of Penn Hall, where the tennis notables, Werst, Rudolph, Rosenberg, Goldfarb and Goldstein performed energetically. No program from their group was presented, the rain having broken up a recent meeting.

Following this, the Band gave a concert beneath the "goal posts". It is going to add honor to National Farm School by competing with many other school bands at Perkasio, Penn., on June 20. If their parading technique is polished off as it promises to be under the able direction of Lieutenant Frankel and Messrs. Liskowitz and Coleman, they may win a prize.

The membership committee is pro-

gressing well with the initiations. The Seniors are busy at their projects and night classes and therefore haven't had time for much else. The Juniors are soon to have class sweaters. They have taken good care of the incoming Freshmen.

On the whole the Society is progressing wonderfully well, according to the closing address of the President of the Board of Executives. The next session is to be held in *HONOHULU!* Oh Boy!

THE SECRETARY, C. C.

ASSEMBLIES PROVE TO BE SOURCE OF INTEREST

Thanks to Mr. Fleming, assemblies every morning have been very interesting. Different current events were introduced and discussion was invited. This served to give variety to ordinary school routine by bringing us into contact with outside affairs. Some of the subjects selected by Mr. Fleming were, "The Future of Aviation", "Birds as Aids to the Farmer Against Insects", "The Harm of Radium Rays to Humans", "The Recent British Election", "The New Agriculture in the Southwest" and a humorous sketch, "Traffic Rules in the Orient."

Query from a Freshman:

"Mr. Coleman, will Mr. Fleming have his spring clothing deducted for staying away from School?"

NEW MEMBER OF FARM SCHOOL FACULTY

Since the beginning of operations this spring, we've had with us, Mr. E. A. Webster. Many of the fellows are, therefore, already very well acquainted with him. Mr. Webster graduated from Pennsylvania State College in 1926 in the course of Agricultural Economics, which includes Farm Management and economic problems of the farmer. Since his gradu-

ation, he has acted as assistant manager of a cooperative association in Berks County and as supervising farmer on the P. O. S. of A. Farm at Chalfont, Pa.

VARSITY CLUB

At the last regular meeting of Farm School's most exclusive club the membership was increased 100 per cent because of the new baseball letter men. Mr. Stangel and Mr. Samuels gave stirring talks on what is expected of the new men. The meeting ended with the club adopting the word "Service" as their motto. You'll hear from us in the near future.

PHIL. KLEINMAN, *Secretary*.

Helen—"My boy friend is a diamond cutter."

Anna—"Oh, in the jewelry business?"

Helen—"No, not exactly; he cuts the grass on the baseball field."

The height of absent-mindedness: The freshman, who, milking a cow, sat on a bucket and milked into a stool.

Frances—"Did Abe show any boldness, when you were out in his car?"

Mildred—"Heavens, no. I had to turn off the ignition myself and tell him there was something wrong."

ANNOUNCEMENT

With this issue, the GLEANER Staff is initiating a new practice, one which is sure to meet with the approval of the student Body and add interest to the forthcoming GLEANERS. In each number there will appear two pictures of fellow students, who are especially prominent in general campus activities and athletics. The men will be selected by vote of the entire staff.

THE EDITOR.

Who's Who



RUSSELL BROADBENT

Russell Broadbent has been one of the mainstays of Farm School's baseball teams the last three years. He just finished a successful season as captain and first baseman of this year's team.

"Russ" has not confined his athletic activities to baseball, but has given his all when called up to participate in basketball, during his first two years. He will be one of "Coach's" veterans on this year's team. Besides this, he was on the football squad of 1927.

In scholastic and campus activities, his record is high. He is president of the Horticultural Club, Vice-President of the A. A. Board, Historian of the Varsity Club, and one of Mr. Fiesser's most trusted and capable Landscape men.

"Russ" came here after graduating from Torrington High School, Torrington, Connecticut. He was also a letter-man in baseball and in track, there.

It would be hard to find anyone who hasn't been thrilled at his gritty smile and flashy, airtight playing at the "initial sack."



MILTON WERRIN

"Buck" Werrin has tasted the joys and griefs of office ever since coming to N. F. S. from the city of Philadelphia. He was class treasurer in his Freshman Year; president of his class in his Junior Year, and is now chairman of his class and President of the Student Body.

With this latter office, he has automatically the leadership of the Senate and Student Council.

Due to his friendliness and willingness to listen to argument he is popular with all the classes. Nor have his duties made him queer, for he's still a member of the "gang" in good standing.

Buck's only venture into athletics was in 1927, when he made the football squad.

His poultry project keeps him busy these days and under Mr. Plain's guidance, he is sure to make an expert poultryman.

Campus Chatter

Found in a Student's Diary:
"To the Tune of Hausenpfefer."

Sunday, Big Day.

Monday, School,

Tuesday, Optimists

Wednesday, Club Meeting

Thursday, F & F Ball Game.

Friday, Chapel

Saturday, Rain.

Sunday, Track Meet.

All ye Alumni Farmers, we wish the same to You.

NOT TO HAVE ANY ONE FEEL SLIGHTED, WE HEREBY ENTER SOME OTHER CONTESTANTS FOR CAMPUS POPULARITY:

JOE INTELLIGENTSIA, JOE RADISH, JOE BAND, JOE CHAPEL, JOE VOICE, JOE CAIRO, JOE TENNIS, JOE NOTES, JOE ORIGINAL, AND JOE GENIUS.

NEW DISCOVERIES WILL BE PRINTED LATER.

We wish to correct a mistaken impression on the part of the student body. The pool to be erected near the library, will not be for the use of any members of Homo Sapiens.

No. that isn't the Farm School smithy; it's just the barnyard golf enthusiasts getting into their strides.

NOTICE TO AMBITIOUS FRESHMAN

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SQUAD THAT CARRIES THE TRICKY FLASHLIGHT IN ONE HAND AND THE ALARM CLOCK IN THE OTHER? THEY'RE MEMBERS OF THE "NIGHT WATCHMAN'S" COURSE OFFERED BY MR. PLAIN EACH SPRING. APPLICANTS SEE PAUL RABINOWITZ.

To the Freshmen:

The GLEANER appreciates the efforts shown by the contributions received so far. Don't be discouraged if your work has not been used, but try again. After greater familiarity with the school, your work should be correspondingly more valuable.

AY—AY-Y-Y!! ROO—OOM—OP-P-PEN!!

Old grads will hardly be able to recognize the old A. A. Store. It won't be long before there'll be dancing every evening as there are concerts, now, via the ether waves, and it only needs tables and wire-backed chairs to make it an A-1, up-to-date Ice cream parlor. Norin and Rellis, proprietors and head waiter respectively, promise to see to it that all necessary improvements will be made.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

RINGING THE LUNCH BELL AT 10:40. CANDIDATE FOR HONORS—TAVIS.

Congratulations are due the Dairy Squad for their initiative in proposing to start a Dairy Club and Stock Judging Team.

MYSTERY OF THE AIR—(Continued from page 9)

down with our guns. We'll have state police help us with the ground crew. Also, we can rig up searchlights on our planes."

Pickens agreed to the plan and as soon as the two other planes came from Washington, their pilots likewise agreed to the arrangement. By 7:30 P. M. all preparations were made and as it was already dark the mechanic was forced to give the signal to his confederate. He was then taken back to the plane and buckled in. Marcy gave him this parting warning, "If I think you're playing us dirt, I'll come around and settle your hash with a few bursts from my guns."

Marcy then started the ship on its journey. He waited until he saw a dark spot follow the mail plane. Then giving his plane the gun, he took the air, followed by his two comrades-in-arms. Marcy kept that dark spot before him at all times and kept glancing anxiously at his watch. At the end of about two hours' flight he saw the mail plane stagger and begin to lose altitude rapidly. The enemy plane showed its lights and darted after the falling mail plane. Showing their own lights, Marcy and his companions shot after him. As soon as they could get close enough, Marcy let him have a couple of tracers

and motioned him to descend. He switched on his searchlight which made the scene as light as day. The bandit plane, seeing three armed planes against him, decided that discretion is the better part of valor and he decided to descend. Marcy came down with him while his two friends stayed in the air. The state cops immediately grabbed the pilot of the bandit plane. They also made a clean sweep of the ground crew who were too bewildered to do anything but surrender.

The mail plane had crashed badly and then burst into flames. The mechanic died in the wreck and he was the only casualty of the night. The men revealed their hideout from which was recovered the loot and the missing pilots who were still a little weak.

A month later "Pop" Jennings sat joking with his fellow pilots while his plane was being loaded. A mechanic came over and told him everything was O. K. He arose with a grin, and sauntered over to his plane. Securely in, he yelled "Contact" and the mechanic spun the propeller. He gave her the gun and she darted across the field. A moment later he was in the sky headed southward.

J. ARNOVITZ, '30.

LEAVES OF YESTERDAY—(Continued from page 14)

1915

A. Miller, '08, is a member and general manager of the firm of A. Henderson Seed and Bulb House of Chicago.

M. Goldman, '03, is director of the Morra Experiment Station.

Fred. Weigle, '14, is manager of a poultry farm at Narvon, Pa.

S. Rudley, '08, is assistant Superintendent of School gardens of Philadelphia.

1916

THE TRUTH

Seniors (try) to lead the way,
Juniors like to have the say,
But Freshmen must obey.

FRESHMAN-JUNIOR WRESTLING BOUTS

De Wolfson, the shining star of the Juniors, was too much for the Freshmen. After eyeing each other for a minute and sparring around a bit, the upper classman secured a headlock and pinned the wild-cat on his back and kept him there for the three taps. No. 1 went to the high and mighty Juniors.

The next bout proved more interesting. "Guts" Sezov (we'll have to call him that after his plucky exhibition) faced the freshman Captain, Raskin. The latter was by far the superior wrestler, but he was too well aware of the fact and it proved his downfall. He had Sezov on his back most of the time and while exchanging wisecracks with a spectator, was suddenly surprised to find Sezov on top with a "Crotch and Half Nelson", securely around him. That ended No. 2 and another one in favor of the Juniors.

Junior Bing faced Freshman Rosefeld in the 135-lb. class. Neither knew much about the delicate art of wrestling and, after missing many opportunities to throw each other, the decision was handed to Bing. This made three straight wins.

In the next match, Zeider, who captained the boxing teams for the Juniors, so ably, opposed Newman, The Arkansas Flash. The Flash appeared to be in a daze however, and was short work for Zeider. A half Nelson did the trick. Four in a row for upper classmen.

Kaiser displayed unusual ability in stowing away Rosen, alias Gyp the Blood. Both are excellent wrestlers and neither seemed to have the advantage at first, but Gyp lessend his vigilance for a second and his goose was cooked. The Freshmen seemed to have had an off-night. No. 5 for the Juniors.

In the 165-lb. division, Goldstein of the Freshmen, faced Goodman. The fresh-

man's wind gave out after a few minutes, however, and Goodman found little difficulty in winning. Well, the Juniors were sweeping the stakes!

The last hope of the Freshmen rested upon Elsen and, considering that his opponent Cancelmo had a 25-lb. advantage over him, it was a rather forlorn one. But the unexpected did occur and in about three minutes, Cancelmo was on his back calmly gazing at the stars. Three cheers for Elsen! He saved the freshmen from everlasting disgrace.

AGRICULTURE—(Continued from page 24)

"Due to acid conditions of the soil, clover was not so hot. We are living down at No. 6 for the clover season, but to our sorrow and dismay, we also met the same soil conditions there. This, of course, tended to break down our colonies, so we begged Mr. Schmieder to import some Italian Queens, from the South.

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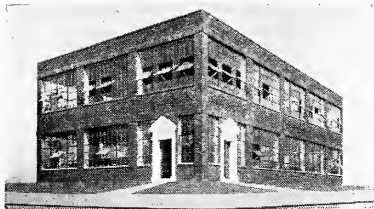
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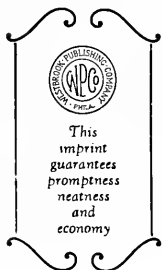


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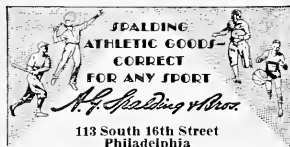
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